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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF
EARLY MARRIAGES.

AMONG those trifling casuists who love to moot a point, and to open a door for discussion on every subject, and particularly among those female debaters, who, when love or marriage is the topic of discourse, display an ease of oratory, and a fund of information, which cannot be attained by the less eloquent sex ; it has often been enquired, whether early or late marriages be the more conducive to comfort, and almost as often has it been decided, that late marriages are the more certain purveyors of happiness ; yet, in the vast crowd of ladies who in theory favour this opinion, how few can be found who support it by practice, and who, if an early opportunity is offered of establishing themselves in life, can sacrifice the pleasure which appears within their grasp, for the chance of a more solid, though distant felicity ; perhaps this inconsistency arises, in many cases, rather from necessity than choice, sometimes from deference to the

customs or opinions of the world, and sometimes from parental coercion.

With respect to the former of these probable causes, namely, custom or opinion, it must be a source of regret to all that consider these matters, to observe how many impertinent, frothy coxcombs are swimming on the surface of fashion, fellows who, if I may be allowed to use their technical terms, suppose that young ladies come out merely for the purpose of being got off ; who sneer at a girl after her second winter, and who take it into their heads, that a commodity which has so long been in the market unsold, must needs be of no value. It is much to be wished, that a few of those ladies, whose example is respected, would disregard this idle and insolent fashion, and recollect that a father and mother are for the most part as indulgent as a husband ; that, after their death, and the dissolution of their establishment, it may possibly be as comfortable to live on a small income, single and uncontrouled, as to sacrifice independence for the chance of presiding at a more splendid dinner, for the privilege of changing a surname,

and for the benefit of paying visits without a Chaperon. The prejudices against old maids are become, in some degree, obsolete ; it is to be hoped they will soon be totally forgotten. Indeed it seems quite as respectable to have refused solicitations, (for small indeed is the number of ladies who never had an offer) as to have snapped at the first bait that was held out, and accepted a husband in the way of a bargain.

With regard to the other cause of early marriages, parental coercion, it has been the subject of declamation and the source of regret, ever since novelists could scribble, papas bluster, or misses complain. So many instances have been adduced of the fatal results which perpetually follow this ill-directed operation of authority, that it seems almost superfluous to add another tale to the files that already occupy the closet and the circulating library ; but the story I am going to relate, is one so full of extraordinary incidents, and so illustrative of the absurdity against which I have been speaking, that I know not how to conclude my observations with more advantage, than by giving you my tale. It was related to me a few days ago, by a gentleman who resided in the West Indies, where the event happened, and though a number of years have elapsed since its occurrence, the singularity of the facts even now preserves them from oblivion.

The scene of the following story was the island of St. Vincents. There, in the interior of the country, lived Mr. M. an Englishman of fortune. He had accumulated his wealth in a traffic, of all others the most completely calculated to steel the heart against the feelings of humanity, and inspire it with contempt for the outcries of justice. At the age of forty, he married an amiable woman, who died in the moment of giving birth to a daughter ; and the young Maria was brought up by a relation of Mr. M. her father being generally occupied at a distance from home, in disturbing the quiet of men, whose colour had condemned them to ignominy.

During Maria's residence with her cousin, she had met with Captain T. a young officer in the British service, stationed off St. Vincents, and as his stay in the West Indies was of considerable duration, he had frequent opportunities of seeing and admiring Miss M. By the flattering attentions which he constantly paid her, by the suavity of his manners, the abilities of his mind, and the reputation of his courage, he in no very long space made a considerable impression on her heart. His fortune, though not large, was independent ; and his prospects in life were, from connexion as well as merit, so exceedingly agreeable, that Mr. M. was induced to encourage his addresses to Maria.

Their union was determined;

and every arrangement complete, when a sudden communication from the commanding officer of the station, rendered it necessary for Captain T. to leave St. Vincents for several weeks. A few days after his departure, an old Spaniard, of immense fortune, who had purchased an extensive property in the neighbourhood of Mr. M. came to settle on his estate ; and being struck by the charms, which his age did not prevent him from discerning in Maria, he called upon her father with a written matrimonial proposal, containing the most liberal offers. An advance of such a nature was highly agreeable to Mr. M. ; and he instantly sent for Maria, to inform her that sterling reasons had induced him to resolve on a speedy termination of the captain's views ; that she must forget as soon as possible his former reception, nay, even his very name ; and, that in six weeks time she must be ready to espouse the Don.

Now Maria was a girl, in general, perfectly obedient to her father ; but a taste for novels, and other valuable and instructive works, had endowed her with a portion of fortitude and romantic sensibility, by no means conducive to the state of mind into which her father required her to bring herself. She told him that she never would abandon the vows of fidelity which she had plighted to her former lover ; that she considered a marriage, where the heart

had not its share, in every way void and nugatory ; and that even were she compelled to unite herself with the Spaniard, she should certainly seize upon the first opportunity of quitting him.

Mr. M. for a few moments was petrified, but presently waking from his trance, he exhibited every symptom of madness ; he foamed at the mouth, stamped with both his feet, and when his fury had sufficiently subsided to give utterance to his indignation, he addressed himself to Maria, who, having expended almost all the ammunition of her courage, stood trembling, with her hands resting on the back of a chair.

" And so you pretend to argue do you ?" said Mr. M. " you ! a child ! a brat ! curse me if ever I could find out what women have to do with reason, and such nonsense. And you will not marry the man whom I have chosen to make you happy. But harkee, Miss Maria, either you resolve at once upon marrying him this day se'nnight, or by G— you don't stir out of your chamber till you do !"

" Well, sir," said the young lady, collecting her spirits to a focus, " if it be your will to confine me, I have no alternative ; and a thousand times rather would I allow my person to be fettered, than my mind."

" This comes of your novel-reading," exclaimed her father.

"It is there you learn your fine doctrines about bearing imprisonment for love, and leaving your husband in the lurch. But you shall marry Don Pedro; in the mean time you may amuse yourself with your own agreeable thoughts; and, when you have determined quietly to obey my will, you will be let out of your room; till then, hell shall not move you the breadth of a finger."

So he very politely took her by the arm, and led her, unresisting, into her chamber. An old female servant, on whom he could depend, was employed to supply her with every thing she wanted, except pens, ink, and paper; and, contenting himself with the accounts which this domestic used to give him, he spared himself the trouble of visiting his daughter's apartment. For three or four days Maria consoled herself with a number of soothing reflections, and did not know whether, upon the whole, her confinement was not a matter rather pleasing than vexatious; for she thought she had now a most delightful opportunity of displaying romantic heroism, and made sure that her inflexible constancy would shortly subdue her terrific papa. But when five weeks had elapsed, and no appearance was discernible in that papa of the least approximation to her wishes, she began to imagine that there was not so much sport in a lonely confinement, as at first she had been willing to believe. For a fortnight afterwards,

she gradually grew more and more gloomy; and at last, thinking any conditions advantageous which afforded her the liberty of departing from her bed-room, she was prevailed upon, at the expiration of two months imprisonment, to join her hand with the skinny palm of Don Pedro. The ceremony was performed in the house of Mr. M. and Maria, the moment it was over, fainted in her husband's arms. She continued for some days extremely indisposed; but when she was deemed sufficiently strong for the jaunt, her new master transferred her from her father's habitation to his own, and she gradually recovered her health, though not her cheerfulness.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

Intus et in cute novi.

Pers. Sat. 3, ver. 30.

I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin.

DRYDEN.

MR. EDITOR,

I perceive by your miscellany of the 3rd inst. that Doctor Pomposo has been "very much displeased, and, indeed, in some degree terrified," by my boldness and presumption in branding him with the epithet of literary quack, and ignorant animal; but sir, I now am of opinion more than ever

that he highly deserves these titles, and for what reasons, I shall proceed to show, and then leave Tim Stupiditio in quiet prosecution of the "line of his profession."

In the first place, none but a quack would be forever aiming at wit, and be always unsuccessful, and none but an ignorant animal would be unable to understand the most plain and unequivocal observations, as, *exempli gratiâ*, when I quoted the famous witticism of Swift, "give the devil his due," he, totally ignorant of this celebrated author, misquotes him, by ascribing to him my own words. Oh! ignorantia! ignorantia! Quousque tandem abutere patrentiâ nostrâ.

In the second place, our witty Tim's irony is so defective, that he is obliged to have it printed in Italics, so as to inform the reader that he meant it for irony; and of course every thing not printed in Italics is not irony; which, by the bye, reminds me of thanking him for complimenting me with being a "great latin scholar," for certainly he was in earnest, for it was printed in Roman.

In the third and last place, it is the distinguishing characteristic of a quack, that he always promises more than he is able to perform; and is very fond, like the jack-daw, of shining in borrowed plumage. Both these discriminating qualities adhere very closely to our excellent and experienced composuist. For instead of accommodating me

with an elegant, pompous, and attracting theme on modesty, he has, in the plenitude of his wisdom, informed me, child-like, that it is not impudence; and I would advise him to make one of his best Sunday bows to the author from whom he has condescended to borrow all he has told me concerning the subject upon which I requested him to write.

I will now leave it to your numerous and respectable readers to determine, if I have not irrefragably demonstrated, that Doctor Pomposo richly merits the titles which I have bestowed upon him; and whether he ought not to content himself with penning compositions for all sweep-masters, bottle-washers, coachmen, and quack-doctors, for *similis simili gaudet*, birds of a feather flock together.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

AN OCCASIONAL LETTER,
ON
INDIFFERENCE IN RELIGION.

(Concluded from Page 315.)

SO here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity?—yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve—or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy? Which of those faculties or affections,

which heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved? If, in that eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste of truth, which is now to be indulged with endless information? If, in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute your happiness, where is the heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection? Has yours been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertions of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the hands of conjugal love? Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity. Has your piety and gratitude to the source of all good, been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent meditations, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer? I fear it was rather decency than devotion that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and for the rest of the week your thoughts and time were so differently filled up, that the idea

of a Ruler of the universe could occur but seldom, and then, rather as an object of terror than of hope and joy. How then shall a soul, so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration? What kind of training is the life you have passed through, for such an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on those whom strong temptation from natural passions, or a train of unfortunate circumstances, have sunk into the commission of what you call great crimes? Dare you speak peace to your own heart, because by different circumstances you have been preserved from them? Far be it from me to wish to lessen the horror of crimes; but yet, as the temptations to these are but seldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever surround us, it may be necessary to awaken ourselves to some calculation of the proportions between such habitual omission of all that is good, and the commission of more heinous acts of sin; between wasting our whole life in what is falsely called innocent amusement, and disgracing it by faults which would alarm

society more, though possibly they might injure it less.

How amazing is the distance between the extreme of negligence and self indulgence in such nominal christians, and the opposite excess of rigour, which some have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Pascal (who dreaded the influence of pleasure so much, as to wear an iron, which he pressed into his side whenever he found himself taking delight in any object of sense) and those who think life lent them only to be squandered away in sensual diversions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity? What a strange composition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—or widely mistaking the means that leads to it?

If it were indeed true, that the Supreme being had made it the condition of our future happiness, that we should spend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in voluntary suffering and mortification, and a continual opposition to every inclination of nature, it would surely be worth while to conform even to these conditions, however rigorous; and we see, by numerous examples, that it is not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully persuaded that their eternal interests demanded it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our existence—if he has forbid us nothing that is not

pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us—if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither punishment nor constraint unnecessarily, but makes our good the end of all his injunctions—it will then appear much more extraordinary that we should perversely go on in constant and acknowledged neglect of those injunctions.

Is there a single pleasure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, consistent with religion and virtue? And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the same which are prescribed by reason and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifest hurt to ourselves, or others? It is not the life of a hermit that is enjoined us; it is only the life of a rational being, formed for society, capable of continual improvement, and consequently of continual advancement in happiness.

It is vain, however, to think of recalling those whom long habits and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of improving by advice, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to cultivate, earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion—for such a “warning voice” as should make itself

heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them ! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and not fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useless.

ENGLISH PERFORMERS.

IN a work, entitled "Memorials of Nature and Art, collected in a journey in Great Britain, in the years 1802 and '3," and translated from the German of C. A. G. Geode, by Thomas Horne, are contained a variety of remarks on the English stage, and portraits of many of the London performers. After noticing some defects of the personation of character which applied to every actor on the English stage, the author proceeds :

"When a performer is become an adept in gesticulation, it generally diffuses a grace and harmony over his local attitudes. We must likewise acknowledge, that distinguished English actors appear perfectly at their ease. Some of them may even be regarded as exemplary models, and here Kemble more especially claims the pre-eminence. His attitudes are, for the most part, majestic and picturesque. In this particular, indeed, he far outshines Cooke ; for

though Cooke excels in mimic action, he possesses neither the pith, the point, nor the picturesque beauty of attitude for which Kemble is remarkable.

Of this Kemble is, in fact, such a consummate master that with him it appears a spontaneous production of nature. While he abundantly satisfies the most extravagant demands of criticism, he does not betray any efforts in attaining his end ; whereas the French actors, Talma, and Lafond, notwithstanding the beauty of their attitudes, always shew evident symptoms of study and labour.

Of all the female performers, Mrs. Powell appears to the greatest advantage in this species of picturesque. She possesses much practical talent, a refined taste, and many excellent parts, which are greatly set off by the charms of a fine person. Most of the rest manifest the same indifference to art which nature has displayed towards themselves. In reality, I question whether there exists at any European theatre, so many un-theatrical female figures as on the London stage. The managers appear to have made it their object to blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence, with a manifest partiality, however, to the latter. They pay less regard to gentility of shape than bulk, and the shortest figures are enrolled, provided they compensate by rotundity for their deficiency in height.

The English performers are less ambitious to acquire excellence in every department, than to distinguish themselves in those particulars in which they may expect the most effectual support from their own natural abilities. Nay, even those among them whose deserts are most conspicuous, such as Kemble and Cooke, appear to have applied all their powers to this object, and to have made it the ultimate scope of their ambition. They sometimes soar to an astonishing eminence in parts for which they feel within themselves congenial talents and dispositions ; but they generally remain very defective in those in which they have to subdue their own refractory natures by violent exertion. This I have particularly witnessed in three different representations of Richard III. at Covent-Garden, in the Haymarket, and on the Dublin stage. Cooke performed the character at Covent-Garden. It is universally esteemed his *chef-d'oeuvre* ; in which he has a decided pre-eminence over Kemble. He certainly gives us a genuine transcript of Richard's character, and portrays this hideous monster with matchless force in all those scenes in which he discovers himself in his native colours ; but whenever it is necessary to assume the vizard of hypocrisy, he is seldom successful, and often fails. This was more especially the case in the second scene of the third act, when Richard endeavours to cozen the frail Lady Anne, and to insinuate

himself into her affection—a scene exhibiting the triumph of his dissimulation, which he himself considers as a miracle, and of which he speaks with diabolical exultation. In this admirable dialogue, Shakspeare makes Richard speak with all the warmth and rapture of ardent passion, though deformed and stained with a crime of the foulest dye, yet in the passion which respire through all his words and gestures, he becomes amiable to her eye : his hypocrisy must therefore borrow the native colours of truth in a superlative degree, or it would shock the feelings of the spectator, by wearing the semblance of mockery. In this particular, Cooke grossly belied his character. His voice and gestures betrayed a vulgar hypocrite, who might easily be detected by the most superficial observer, and would create disgust even in the most insensible minds. Thus the manner of the performer, and the expressions which the poet puts into his mouth, were at variance. The latter appear the natural rhapsody of delirious passion ; they counterfeit all the various modulations of feeling ; the high and the low, the gentle, and the fierce. But Cooke assumed one invariable tone of voice, and one invariable mein ; the wary, deliberate elocution of a hypocrite, and the farce of crafty dissimulation. Of these, both were incompatible with nature. We can only account for this gross violation of propriety, by supposing that Cooke has par-

tially cultivated his sublime talents for a display of the savage and the brutal, which makes him appear unnatural when he endeavours to personate the mild and the humane.

Kemble is the darling, he may even be termed the idol, of the populace. Few persons will venture, in any particular, to adjudge the palm of excellence to Cooke. Such sentiments would be too hazardous especially in the presence of English Ladies, who, upon every occasion, are zealous advocates for the former.

Kemble possesses an elegant masculine figure, and his handsome shape is eminently ennobled by art in picturesque attitudes. His countenance is one of the most majestic which I ever beheld upon any stage; it is a perfect oval, set off by a fine aquiline nose, a well proportioned mouth, firmly compressed; eyes not deeply sunk in their sockets, shaded with thick eye-brows, pregnant with fancy, and flashing with lambent fire; with an open forehead somewhat arched; a chin projecting in an angular point; features cast in a happy mould, where no harsh lines are discoverable. These collectively compose one of those physiognomies which command respect at first sight, because they announce, in the most expressive manner, a man of exquisite sensibility, of sound intelligence, and of complete ascendancy over all the

motions of his will. If his eyes were devoid of a certain cast of enthusiasm, his countenance would present the portrait of a polished, dispassionate, selfish, courtier, hackneyed in the ways of the world; but that enraptured glance, warmed by the kindly beams of fancy, qualifies the indentation of his chin, and the stern compression of his mouth. His voice, though melodious, is feeble, of small compass, and very flat. This is the chief natural impediment, which this extraordinary man, so richly gifted in other respect, has to encounter.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble; his countenance, however, is not devoid of manly expression. A long nose, somewhat incurvated; a pair of eyes fiery and significant, a high and rather broad forehead, the muscular lines which impart motion to the lips, sharp and prominent; these are the most remarkable features of Cooke's physiognomy. It is less noble and majestic, but more impassioned than that of Kemble, and few actors can more emphatically depict the hurricane of passion. His voice is strong and capacious, an advantage in which he excels Kemble, and which he knows how to employ with great effect. His general exterior is not so happily formed for gesticulation.

He knows himself greatly who never opposes his genius.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

.....

THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening was presented to a respectable audience, Sheridan's celebrated comedy of *The School for Scandal*. The merits of this piece has been eulogized by the ablest pens, and time will never diminish its sterling worth.

Mr. Twaits, as Sir Peter Teazle, was uncommonly chaste and correct; a full acquaintance with his author, and a determination not to o'erstep the modesty of nature, enabled him to give some of the finest touches of which the character is susceptible. Never, we think, did Mr. Twaits appear to greater advantage. Tell us not of his powers of mimicry—we wish to see him always as he appeared in Sir Peter Teazle.

Mr. Tyler personated Sir Oliver Surface with credit to himself, and much satisfaction to his auditors. In the scene where his prodigal nephew refuses to sell the picture of his dear old uncle, Mr. T. evinced exceeding judgment, and portrayed nature in her most pleasing colours.

Mr. Rutherford, as Joseph, failed in giving a true picture of the hypocrisy of the sentimental knave.

He lacked energy in the promulgation of his specious honesty, and was not sufficiently solicitous to gloss his numerous faults with virtue's exterior.

Charles was happily hit off by Mr. Cooper—"the wild, the extravagant young dog," "with all his imperfections on his head," could hardly have appeared to greater advantage.

Mr. Harwood, as Crabtree, was, as he always is when before his audience, ever true to his author; giving a just delineation of the character he represents,

Moses was by no means disreputably enacted—and *Hogg* appeared well acquainted with the little *Israelite*.

Lady Teazle was personated by Mrs. Lipman, being her second appearance—and surely her ladyship found an able representative. In the scene where her ladyship's interview with the sentimental Joseph is discovered, she evinced most excellent judgment, accompanied with acting, which, in our estimation, promises future excellence....and time and experience cannot fail of placing her in the first ranks of her profession.

In the afterpiece, "*Love Laughs at Locksmiths*," Mr. Twaits was again exceedingly natural.—We mention this, because we feel happy this gentleman is throwing aside that extremely broad farcical

manner which he has oftentimes manifested ; the " unskilful " indeed may laugh less, but he will certainly ensure, more fully, the countenance of the " judicious."

Mrs. Darley prettily enough personified the charming Lydia.—But when does this lady fail to interest ?

That many of the greatest literary characters, both ancient and modern, lived in want, and died in poverty, the following sketch bears ample testimony.

MILTON sold the copy-right of *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds, and finished his life in obscurity. Dryden lived in poverty, and died in distress. Otway, though his end be variously related, yet all his biographers agree in this, that he died prematurely, and in want. Lee is said to have died in the street. Steele lived a perpetual warfare with bailiffs and catch-poles. Johnson is said to have sold " *The Vicar of Wakefield*" to relieve its great author, Goldsmith, from the gripe of the law. Fielding lies buried in the Factory's burying ground at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Savage died in prison, for a debt of eight pounds ; and Chatterton—poor, neglected, Chatterton, ended his life by his own hand ! and the great biographer of the English poets has recorded of the inimitable author of *Hudibras*, that " all that can be said of him (Butler) with certainty, is, that he lived neglected, and died poor !"

Homer is the first poet and beggar among the ancients ; he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets ; but it is observed that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off : he had two trades ; he was a poet for diversion, and helped to turn a mill, in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave ; and Bæthius died in goal. Among the Italians, Paulo Burghese, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen trades, yet he died because he could get employment at none.—Tasso himself, who had the most amiable character of all the poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from a friend, in order to pay for a month's subsistence. He has left a pretty sonnet, addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himself a candle. But Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio ! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language : he dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence ; but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused to be admitted into an hospital, which he himself had erected !

Boissi reproached the poet Roi for wearing a dirty shirt. He replied, " Every one has not been so fortunate as to marry his washerwoman." Boissi had married his.

Jealousy, above all other passions, is the most violent, and productive of the most horrid effects ; for, like a monster not appeased with the destruction of its enemies, it frequently plunges a dagger in the dearest object of its love.

The writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away on an unknown shore, thus concludes :

" After having walked eleven hours, without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet : my pleasure at seeing this cheering prospect, was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a *civilized country*."

Very often the taste of running perpetually after diversions, is not a mark of any pleasure taken in them, but of none taken in ourselves. This sallying abroad, is only running from uneasiness at home. A gentleman at White's, was overlooking the players at piquet, till three or four in the morning ; on a dispute arising, they referred to him, when he protested, he knew nothing of the game.— " Z——s !" said they, " and sit here till this time !"—" Gentlemen, *I am married*." " Oh ! sir, *we beg pardon*."

A merchant who always tells truth, and a genius who never lies, are synonymous to a saint.

THE MAD MONK.

Translated by Julia Francesca.

I heard a voice from Etna's side,
Where o'er a cavern's mouth
That fronted to the south,
A chesnut spread its umbrage wide ;
A hermit, or a monk, the man might be,
But him I could not see ;
Yet thus his music flow'd along,
In melody most like to old Sicilian song.

" There was a time when earth and sea
and skies,
The bright green vale, and forest's
dark recess,
With all things lay before mine eyes
In steady loveliness !
But now I feel on earth's uneasy scene,
Such sorrows as will never cease ;
I only ask for peace,
If I must live to know that such a time
has been."

A silence then ensu'd,
Till from the cavern came
A voice—it was the same ;
And thus in mournful tone its dreary
'plaint renew'd :

" Last night, as o'er the sloping cliff I
stood,
The smooth green turf to me a vision
gave,
Beneath mine eyes the sod,
The roof of Rosa's grave.
My heart has need with dreams like
these to strive,
For when I woke, beneath these eyes
I found
The plot of mossy ground,
On which we oft have sat when Rosa
was alive.
Why must the rock, and margin of the
flood,
Why must the hills so many flow'r-
ets bear,
Whose colours to a murder'd maiden's
blood,
Such sad resemblance wear ?

I struck the wound—this hand of mine !
 For oh thou maid divine,
 I love to agony !
 The youth whom thou call'dst thine,
 Did never love like me !
 Is it the stormy clouds above
 That flash'd so red a gleam
 On yonder downward trickling stream,
 'Tis not the blood of her I love !
 The sun torments me from the western
 bed :
 Oh let me cease forever to diffuse
 Those crimson spectre hues ;
 Oh let me lie in peace, and be forever
 dead !"

Here ceas'd the voice—in deep dismay
 Down through the forest I pursu'd my
 way.

SOMETHING UNCOMMON.

A woman in Pennsylvania, of middle age, fell sick, and was soon convinced that she had not long to live. The thoughts of her young children gave her great uneasiness in these last moments of her life. She sent for her husband to her bed-side, and did not conceal from him the apprehensions she entertained, lest her successor in the conjugal bed should ill treat her motherless infants ; she begged and conjured her husband, now that she was going to leave him, to marry the young and robust Rosina, who had always been a faithful servant to them both, and cheerfully performed whatever was required of her. The husband regarded this proposal of his sick wife as the effect of impaired intellects ; but as she insisted that he should swear to fulfil her wishes, he, to please her, took an oath

to that purpose. Two days afterwards, the patient, distrusting her husband's sincerity, called him and Rosina to her bed, and told the latter that she intended to unite her in marriage with the man whom she herself was about to leave a widower ; exhorting her, at the same time, to be faithful to him, to love him, and to take great care of his children, and his domestic concerns. The good-natured Rosina promised, weeping, to do whatever she required. The sick woman united them herself, made them both take the matrimonial vow, and obliged them immediately to put the seal to their new contract, to prevent the possibility of their receding.

Having accomplished this business to her satisfaction, the patient gradually grew better ; but the husband, in whose sight the new wife found favour, told his former partner on her recovery, that since she had obliged him to marry Rosina, he was determined not to forsake her as long as he lived. The former, so far from being displeased, was, on the contrary, highly delighted with this resolution, embraced her husband, and by her caresses testified the warmest approbation. No misunderstanding was ever known to arise between these two wives. The second bore several children, to which the first shewed as much tenderness as to her own, and paid the utmost attention to the mother in her lying-in. The young wife

never forgot the respect, esteem, and affection which she owed to the elder as her benefactress; the days of this conjugal trio glided happily away, and nobody took offence at their extraordinary union.

REBUS.

THE place where a traveller stops to take rest,
 A river whose banks with sweet verdure is dress'd,
 A beast in whom beauty and usefulness join,
 A hero lamented with honors divine—
 A king who to martyrdom, alas! was devoted,
 A passion by poets that's often denoted,
 A fruit that spontaneous abounds in the west,
 A vessel, the emblem of sorrow and rest,
 The country where gold in profusion was found,
 And lastly, that place where true blessings abound.

These initials conjoining, will give you a name
 Of a friend to the fair, their amusement his aim,
 As the work I now hold can, with justice proclaim.

Julia Francesca.

A solution is requested.

Correspondence.

We thank the gentleman who advises us to publish criticisms of a "Thespian nature," for the high (though surely undeserved) encomiums he has been pleased to lavish on the merits of our miscellany. We accept his advice, and will thank him or any of his friends to furnish us with such strictures on the relative

merits of the performers of our theatre, as will tend to render them, in the highest degree, emulous for public commendation.

With respect to his dictatorial language, and threat of relinquishing his subscription in company with some of his friends in case of our non-compliance with his request, we say, we always feel a proper sense of gratitude for the patronage we receive, but can never condescend to *beg* the support of any individual—and that we shall ever act independently respecting the prosecution of our business so long as we are of opinion that we act consistently.

The remarks in this paper on the performance of the "School for Scandal," were furnished previous to the receipt of the gentleman's *polite* note.

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week—viz. adults 20, children 28—Total 48.

DIED,

On Saturday afternoon, in his 67th year, Thomas Jenkins, Esq. late mayor of the city of Hudson, one of its first founders, and father to the present secretary of the State of New-York.

On Sunday morning, the 4th instant, Mrs. Mary Spencer, wife of Judge Spencer, and eldest daughter of Gen. James Clinton, in the 36th year of her age.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.



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A RECEIPT

For a Modern Romance.

IN the dreary recess of a thick planted
wood,
Imagine a castle for ages has stood ;
Suppose too, a pale bleeding spectre in
white,
Stalking round its rude walls in the
dead of the night ;
Make some hero (in courage a match
for the devil)
March forth in determined pursuit of
the evil
That keeps the whole place in perpetu-
al affright,
From the closing of day till the dawning
of light :
Make some heroine a close-winding pas-
sage explore,
Which (most wondrous) has never been
found out before ;
While the rain beats in torrents, the
winds howl around,
And a deep sullen murmur breaks forth
from the ground ;
Let her lamp be extinguished, let one
feeble ray
Of the moon thro' a chink in the wall
find its way,
As it just for an instant escapes from a
cloud ;
Then let darkness, deep darkness, its
visage enshroud.
Having groped in this horrible place for
a while,

Let her find out a room in this half ruin-
ed pile,
Where murder's most foul were com-
mitted of old ;
In due form and order the tale to unfold.
Let a worm-eaten trunk the apartment
adorn,
(Containing some manuscripts mouldy
and torn),
And an old table and chair thickly co-
vered with dust,
A deep batter'd helmet a cuirass all rust:
Let a dagger, with three drops of blood
on the blade,
A few inches distant be skillfully laid.
On her turning a key, let the specter ap-
pear,
While the heroine displays not a symp-
tom of fear :
At this solemn time, let her lover attain
By a track which till now he has sought
for in vain,
The mysterious abode—be surpris'd
with the maid,
By the Lord of the castle pursu'd and
betray'd.
Let the trumpet be sounded, the drum
beat to arms,
And the place be assail'd. In the midst
of alarms,
Let the Baron be slain, yet confess ere
he fall,
The dire fact brought to light, to the
wonder of all :
Let the clock at this critical moment
strike one,
Set the pile in a blaze, and the business
is done.

Modern Friendship.

When our own efforts want success,
Friends ever fail as fears encrease ;
As leaves in blooming verdure wove,
In warmth of summer clothe the grove,
But when autumnal frosts arise,
Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies

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